

Traveling

-Left 1st wife to find myself

-Where go?

-India

-That's the place all right.

-After year, and at festival where they throw colored powder at each other, I had my profoundest Revelation!

-Wow! Namely?

-That I was full of shit!

-And Indians?

-Moreso. With colored powder!

-So you came home?

-To unromantic Podunk.

-and wife?

-Had left with dimmer-dimmest wit she could find!

-He wasn't full of shit?

-That's graduate school for him!
We'll...what can I say? She wanted a primitive.

-He'd go apeshit in colored powder!

-At any rate, would be without her presently.

-Lost his macho thrust, did he?

-Probably not, but you...like to talk about things sometimes.

-Like with you?

-We'll be trying. Again.

At last! A romantic note!

-Not a chance!

-Oh? And every chance?

-All at once! Everything's always
all at once!

-Shame. Hafta find yourself on your
own dime.